

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXX. No. 2341

and BYSTANDER

London
May 8, 1946



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Angus McBean

Valerie Taylor

Valerie Taylor is the leading lady of this year's Stratford Festival. She is playing the Princess of France in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Lady Macbeth in *Macbeth*, and Imogen in *Cymbeline*, which was this year's Birthday Play, performed on April 23. Of her Imogen it has been said: "The Imogen is a striking beauty. The actress seizes this exquisitely difficult and widely-ranged part and dances away with it. She is starry-eyed, importunate with her hands, a monument to wifely patience and tenderness. In the trial of her virtue by Iachimo she wilts like a gathered rose. She masquerades as a boy with the most charming air of gallantry, panic and sheer fun. She has the face, the shape, the voice. She is, in a word, Shakespeare's Imogen. . . ." Valerie Taylor made her name in *The Seagull* and *Berkeley Square*. She is also well known in New York where she has appeared in several successful productions. In London she has most recently been seen in *The Wind of Heaven*



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Moving

WHEN one recalls Browning's portentous lines about being the captain of one's soul, and master of one's fate (or was it the other way round? For reasons I will shortly explain, I have no means left this morning of verifying quotations), one wonders if those Victorians preserved their Olympian calm even through their moves from one depressing house to another? Would they have kept up a front against hysteria, as their library vanished into trunks, and gentlemen who suffused a bland melancholy wandered through their "dens," checking the inventory. I know that in my miserable case this last morning in the cottage which has been my home for a mere seven months, has completely robbed me of all pretensions to urbanity. My thoughts are even more incoherent than usual. In vain do I dream of "casting the body's vest aside" as Marvell has it, of being at once philosophical and practical, of turning an elegant paragraph, then tying a sound knot in the rope which is supposed to reinforce one of our shabbier pieces of baggage. I can only fret and fume, destroy a few papers, then run off to London, on the pretence of work, leaving all the boring tasks to smaller, more capable, and infinitely more graceful hands. . . . The taxi rounds the bend down the road; no longer can I see the pert little Palladian porch, or the field between us and the Nonconformist Chapel, which offered me each mysterious autumn morning a fresh exuberance of edible fungi. With squeals of triumph, and wet feet (for which I, not they, would get a scolding from their Nanny), my brats would race across the grass to where a succulent "beef-steak" fungus had popped up overnight. In creatures barely able to sustain a conversation, this instinct for mush-

rooms seemed to me miraculous, amounting almost to genius.

Those hunts were among the happiest moments of a tenancy over which I feel no disposition to sentimentalize. Allowing the eye to go moist over the past is the privilege of rich and quiet epochs. In my lifetime at least, no Englishman will have the impudence I imagine again to drool over an old suit of clothes—one of the great sentimental gambits of our fathers. All our clothes are old, and speaking for myself I hate them with a venom I have never felt for any living thing. Equally, why sentimentalize over a house? I have loved one house in my life. I look forward to loving another, soon. Moving into it will be the substitute for the parties which before the war by their very inanities reconciled one to the inanity of existence.

English

WE boast all sorts of organizations for preserving from decay, Rural England, and Ancient Monuments and Civic Liberties. But we do precious little to halt another decay, the stench of which is with us always, growing

more sickly with each passing day—the decay in the writing of English. Our speech on the whole remains vigorous. Just listen to a London bus conductor, or a coalminer at whippet trials, and you will realize that here we still possess a language far terser and more lively than American. But hardly anybody

seems to bother any longer to write palatable English. Read the leader in any respectable morning paper, the average official communiqué, a letter from the War Office, or the "puff" of some exhibition of smart but puzzling pictures. Nothing but stale clichés hung together on a dejected string. Our great critics do little to clean up this corruption. They rail against the comparatively minor sin of a split infinitive, or are sticklers for exact spelling—at best a negative, bourgeois virtue, without which our great ancestors did very comfortably. But who bothers to condemn the tired metaphor, the putrefying simile? True, the "exploring of avenues" has been laughed out of court; but you can still leave no stone unturned, refuse to sheathe the sword until the flag of Liberty is unfurled,



Study in Expressions:

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Captain A. D. Angus, Lieut. Ashmore, R.N., Captain Th



This looks most interesting; and difficult, too, one would say. But it has begun well and deserves attention and applause

stand shoulder to shoulder against bestial atrocities, dream of removing blood-stained tyranny from the free peoples of the world. Such pretentious gibberish meets our eye every day. And we do not even notice its vices. The disease is usually deep in our blood stream.

Of course, you need images and figures of speech; and there was a day when Englishmen could invent such vivid ones that they have never quite lost their colour. Think of John Donne's: "Atheists in affliction, like blind beggars, are forced to ask, though they know not of whom." Think of:

"Golden lads and girls all must

Like chimney sweepers come to dust."

After three centuries, the simile "chimney sweepers" coming in its blackness after the blondness of youth, still detonates like a grenade.

Until recently the only writer of distinction to warn us against this decay in the English literary tradition was, I think, Cyril Connolly, in his charming *Enemies of Promise*. Now George Orwell has returned to the matter in an essay, *Politics and the English Language*, which has delighted my recent hours of leisure. I very much hope it will be reprinted and widely circulated, particularly to diplomats and art critics.

Our earliest real diplomats were shrewd writers, and diplomacy remains inevitably a clerly profession. However valuable the information an envoy sends home, however masterly his understanding of the particular country to which he is accredited, his views must be expressed with clarity and freshness, if they are to impress the Cabinet. For however blunted our susceptibilities, most of us still find a bad piece of English far more tiring to read than a good one.

Yet how few of our diplomats possess any sense of English. Their prose affects for the most part a protective dun colouring, or sometimes tries to put on a spurious racy manner, by the use of images culled on the playing-fields. One Ambassador I served under, who



cipher, group by group, the following immortal phrase: "I threw a fly over the American Ambassador, and told him he was batting on a sticky wicket."

Another breeding ground for mumbo-jumbo is art criticism. Listen to this, which appears in the same publication as Orwell's article:—

"Having tried to rediscover form, the European is trying to recapture mystery. But the magic of the Negro is inscrutable. . . ." Read the "puff" of Braque and Rouault in the booklet put out at the Tate, where an exhibition of their works, a particularly satisfying one, is now in progress. More and more Art tends to become an Eleusinian Mystery of the rich; and the art critic, with his gibberish about "plastic form" and I know not what, connives at this deplorable event. Sometimes I think our only hope of marrying the taste of the connoisseur with the taste of the people lies in the cinema. And then some despicable film makes a thumping profit, and we are back where we started. . . .

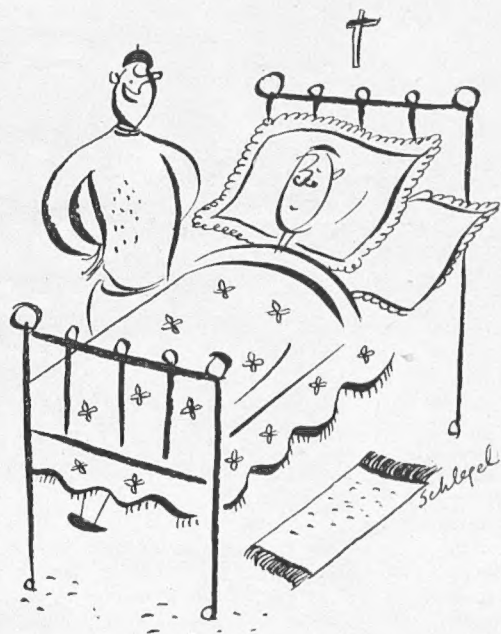
Kayserling

I was slightly saddened by the death of Kayserling. I am well aware of his faults—the obscurity of phrase, the pontifical, prophetic air he assumed in the days of his success, after *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* had become a best-seller. I recall my first sight of him, when he came to Budapest to lecture, in the late twenties. It would have taken a

man greater than Kayserling not to have suffered an inflation of self-conceit from the fawning of Hungarian society upon him, the pretty young countesses who literally sat at his feet. And he was, after all, a European, in the best sense of the word, gifted, too, with extraordinary flashes of perception. He it was, I believe, who first perceived the similarity of Russian and American life—the two frontier civilizations, one pushing West, the other East, putting up the same sort of wooden frame houses, and drinking, not as we do in Western Europe, for gaiety, and to quicken our tongues, but in order to achieve, in the shortest possible time, oblivion, refuge from a melancholy always at your shoulder. Of course, this observation has the limits of all generalizations. But there is, I think, some truth in it.

Gaiety in the Sickroom

By chance, I was reminded this morning of a story which never fails to cheer me in moments of stress. A rich French farmer lies



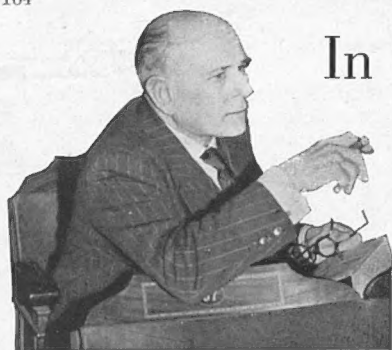
dying. His relatives crowd to see him. Each one, before entering the sickroom, is warned in no way to show melancholy, or to suggest there is no hope. Light-hearted gaieties, conversation brisk and cheerful, are the order of the day. A jolly, hopeful beneficiary strides into the dying man's room, smiles broadly and bellows: "Eh bien, on agonise, hein?"

A Royal Party At The Circus

Earl of Rocksavage, H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose, and The Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs



Ah! perfectly wonderful! Difficult it certainly was; but the conclusion is a triumph and tremendously funny



In the Absence of

James Agate

(On Leave)

I AM a long-pants man (I said); that is to say, I almost never wear short pants. Long woolly ones that cling warmly and benignly to the legs, and which, incidentally, make the use of constricting suspenders unnecessary, are my normal cup of tea.

Good God (she said), how utterly awful. How can you make such a confession? Long pants! I thought you were a man of taste and discernment.

Madame (I felt bound to observe), the fact that I so keenly seek your company shows that to be no less than the truth; even so, I fear that I have disappointed you.

To this the lady, who had some claim to being a beauty and who had caused my friend, Olivier St. John Gogarty, to whisper hoarsely, "Boy, can you pick 'em!" and smartly add a trifle from John Donne, upped and said, You have indeed, and now I must disappoint you. Good night.

Whereupon the affair became, as you observe, one for comment in a public print and not an oft-remembered joke as between husband and wife. Its telling here is designed somewhat to ease the disappointment which must arise in the breasts of Mr. Agate's admirers upon finding that his is not the hand which writes these words.

Our paths are beset with disappointments wheresoever we do walk. The wise man is he who accepts them with tolerance.

And who, by the way, is more consistently disappointed than the author of a film? Minor poets and tattooed ladies, perhaps; but certainly the film author has a very rough passage indeed. Earnest picture-goers and those who gain their daily bread as critics of the finished article could with advantage remember this on occasions. The only film your correspondent ever wrote caused him acute depression for many months, yet it can be stated that the film was a very great success and people still speak well of it. The grubby and sun-faded notebook (Stationery Office, issue for use of officers in the field) in which it was written, lies before me now with an air of bemused and hurt dignity, not at all dissipated by the title *Desert Victory* scrawled across its dog-eared cover. Some pages are spotted with what might have been tears but which were, in fact, rain-drops that came through the broken roof of an Italian settler's gimcrack cottage high in the hills of Cyrenaica where the story was partly written.

IN that cottage David MacDonald, who made the film, was (I am reminded by a still legible shorthand note at the foot of a once sodden page) drying his trousers and shirt before a grimly-smoking fire. This was, indeed, the moment chosen by the cynically minded pilot of a German bomber to nip out of the rain clouds and loose-off a pair of largish bombs. It was an unlikely circumstance for a film director and one which not history alone prompts me to record. Dear David! Civilization had laid an especially thick veneer upon him, for the tiles and rubble had ceased falling by the time he'd got into his trousers.

There is (said David) a most interesting charge which may be brought against such as

you and, if I'd a copy of King's Regulations handy, I'd lodge it. The exact phrasing escapes me for the moment but I think it says, Conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline in that he—that's you—rejoiced at a comrade's downfall.

Come, good David (I said), one would be less than human not to laugh in such a case. Dammit, a Scotsman should never worry about a lack of trousers for surely his natural dress is the kilt; trousers are but an after-thought of the decadent English whose collective shanks are such poor things that exposure leads only to ridicule and coarse laughter.

The Irish don't seem to be very good as to shanks either, David said, peering at my thin props: and I think he was somewhat mollified. In any event, he had his revenge. *Desert Victory* was completed, so far as I was concerned, in Bengazi where, for the third year running, I took over a flat which was once the home of some Italian newly-weds but which by now was in poorish shape. Occupations and liberations interspersed with a modicum of Arab looting between these events had left it in reduced circumstances, which bombing had not at all improved; mosquitoes as big as horse-flies, made it their home.

THUS, it came about that the MacDonald found me sitting upon an ammunition-box in a room but dimly lighted by candles containing nought per cent of burnable fats. Army blankets confused my lower half and a short dispatch-rider's waterproof enveloped my upper; about my head, and caught tightly at the throat, was a hood of mosquito netting. A typewriter was balanced upon my knees. No man looked, nor was, more a martyr to his work than this sad figure, who could not even smoke to alleviate his condition, and who perforce had to remain a sitting target for the sustained and savage attacks of mosquitoes made desperate by partly baffled anticipation.

David (I said), if you say it, I won't finish this film. I'll fling it out of the window.

He said, I won't say it. I will only look at you, that is all. I won't even mention the excruciating pleasure it gives me.

IT remains for me to say only that I saw *Desert Victory* in Baghdad by courtesy of the then Ambassador, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis. It was a great disappointment to me; and if you could read the stained old notebook which pathetically bears *Desert Victory* upon its cover you would know why and by how much.

Moreover, you would not be quite so sad about Agate being on leave, for in your case-hardened heart compassion would stir and that would leave you in better grace to form your own judgment upon the films currently offered for your edification.

They are:—

On the Carpet, with Abbott and Costello, at the Leicester Square Theatre.

Bad Bascomb, with Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien, at the Empire.

SEAN FIELDING

Leslie Arliss Gives a Party to Celebrate His First Technicolor Production for Sir Alexander Korda



Michael Rennie, the film actor, Mrs. Leslie Arliss, Leslie Arliss and Patricia Roc, the film actress



Miss Dorothy Arliss and Mr. Bill O'Brien, whose wife is Elizabeth Allan



Miss Dorothy Black and Joyce Howard, the film actress



Mr. E. Hoey and Lt.-Col. Humphrey Butler

Swache



Joan Maude and her small daughter, Sarah, at the gate of Court Farm, their Sussex home which stands on a hill overlooking the Dudwell and Rother Valleys



The postman arrives at Court Farm, and Sarah Waters and her small friend, Susan Beale, who lives nearby, seem to have an interesting letter

Actress Joan Maude and Her Small Daughter in the Country

Joan Maude is the actress-daughter of Nancy Price, and in private life is Mrs. Frank Waters, the wife of the assistant manager of *The Times*. Joan Maude had her first stage part in *The Way of an Eagle* at the age of twelve and later was given a five-year contract with Matheson Lang. She has appeared in several films, and recently finished acting in the new Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger film, *A Matter of Life and Death*. During the war she and her husband made their home in Scotland, where they had a farm in Ayrshire. In between doing all the housework and looking after her daughter, Sarah, who will be eight in June, Miss Maude drove vans for the W.V.S. and also managed to find time to attend a course of lectures on English literature at Edinburgh University. Another of her interests, at which she has worked all her life, is writing music. Her talent for this she probably has inherited from the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, who was her great-grandmother



Cocktail Party for the Cast of "Our Town," the American Play at the New Theatre
Mr. Jed Harris the producer of the play, Miss Wilder sister of Thornton Wilder the author, and Marc Connelly the American dramatist who plays the stage-manager in "Our Town"



Michael Redgrave with Carolyn Wall and Richard Hylton, two of the fourteen American principals from the original Broadway production. They are the young lovers in the play



First Nighters at "Better Late" at the Garrick Theatre

Judge McClure and the Marchioness of Milford Haven, widow of the late Marquess of Milford Haven, who died in 1938



Mr. Frank Beresford the artist, and Mrs. Lillie, mother of Beatrice Lillie, who is the star of "Better Late," and Mrs. Praga

The Theatre

(Shakespeare at Stratford)

A WEEK of spring-time playgoing at Stratford - on - Avon is pleasure-crammed, not all of the pleasures theatrical. The blossoming Cotswolds by day are almost as much part of the festival as the Memorial Theatre by night, and if your party's pool of petrol coupons should show signs of drying up there are other beguilements—the river with its quiet glide through the meadows that Shakespeare knew, the golf links now tolerably clear of war-time dandelions, and— even more insidiously pleasant—the pottering about the friendly little country town with a stirred mind for the mystery of the apparently humble boyhood which was in 1592 to produce the full-grown actor, the fashionable poet and the dramatist whose versatility and power already disturbed leading fellow-dramatists of the day. And if, as the result of pottering and remarking this and that, the mystery grows upon the imagination, you may even seek enlightenment from the lectures of eminent professors of literature and dramatic critics.

IT is a relief to record that the theatre itself has this year contributed more than for many years past to the ineradicable charm of playgoing at Stratford. The Governors have at last resolved to break down the parochialism which, pointed to handsome profits as the justification of mediocre performances, and the appointment of Sir Barry Jackson to the directorship of the festival, indicates that they mean business. For the opening campaign against complacent mediocrity, Mr. Robert Harris and Miss Valerie Taylor were engaged to lead a carefully picked company of young players. They are to work under half a dozen guest producers. Nobody is inclined to under-rate the difficulties that must be surmounted before Stratford can gain recognition as a centre of fine acting, and its possibly permanent company become one which great cities at home and abroad would receive with delight. But the admitted difficulties are now being attacked in a most reassuring spirit of hope and with practical good sense. A good beginning has been made. Two out of the three opening productions—*Love's Labour's Lost* and *Cymbeline*—are feathers in the festival's

cap; the company's acting is, as a whole, keen and intelligent; and the performances have revealed in Mr. Paul Schofield a new young actor of talent and in Mr. Peter Brook, the twenty years old producer of *Love's Labour's Lost*, one who may well become one of the theatre's great men.

MR. NUGENT MONCK, who has taught himself in the Norwich Maddermarket Theatre how to give Elizabethan drama both pace and point, set *Cymbeline* to a charmingly romantic pattern in the forefront of Stratford's too remote stage. Miss Valerie Taylor is a delightful Imogen, creating the character out of vitality, grace and accomplishment with an unexpected effect of completeness, and Mr. David King-Wood is with verve the Florentine exquisite whose wager to prove all wives unchaste, and diabolically ingenious method of making good his boast, are the best things in this patchwork of poetry and romance make-believe. The playing, good all round, comes nearest to distinction in Mr. Schofield's dryly humorous, detached yet precise rendering of Cloten's coarse conceit. *Cymbeline* is a sprawl, the work, it would too often seem, of a tired man; *Love's Labour's Lost*, for all the youthful wholeheartedness of its allegiance to transient fashion, has the ordered beauty which unity alone can give. It is the distinction of Mr. Brook's production that it realizes the full charm and significance of this ordered beauty. The playful fancy of the comedy is given a faithful reflection on the stage and—ingenious and amusing as are the groupings and lighting effects—is not once distorted. Mr. King-Wood, as Berowne, Mr. Schofield as the fantastic Don Armado (again a beautifully detached yet precise piece of irony), Miss Taylor as the Princess of France, Miss Ruth Lodge as Rosaline, and Mr. Hugh Griffith as the merry pedant all fit delightfully into the producer's scheme. Of *The Tempest* the less said the better: it had the remoteness and lifelessness of a Stratford tradition which seems about to be broken. The Prospero of Mr. Robert Harris was spoiled for us by this remoteness and by a great deal of back-stage hammering.

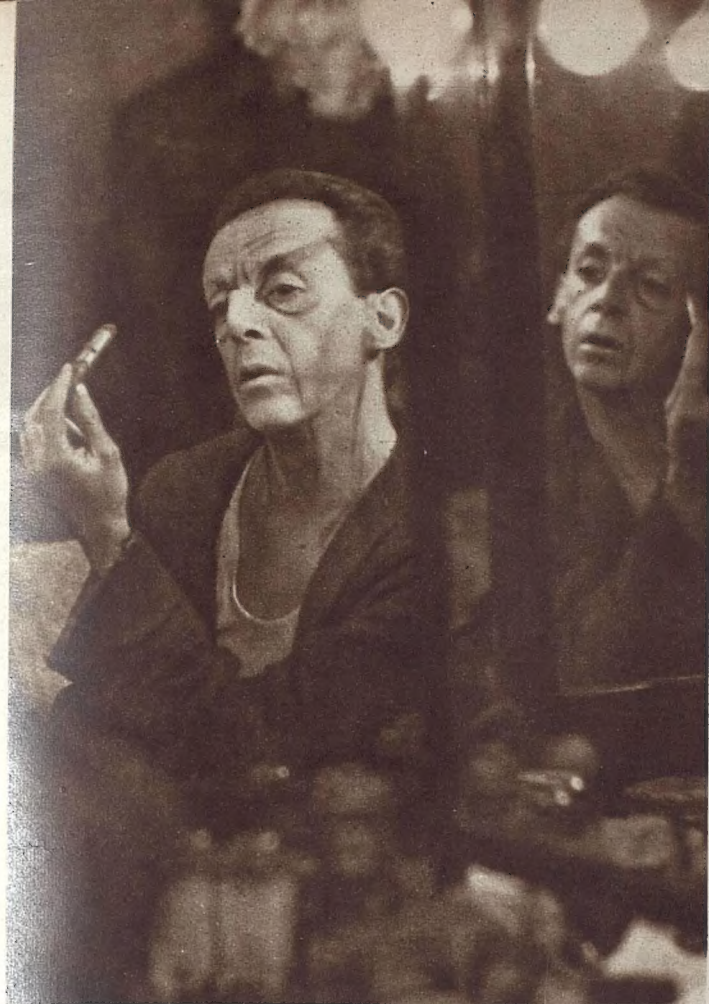
ANTHONY COOKMAN

Master of Make-up

Robert Helpmann as Carabosse

● Robert Helpmann now adds to his great reputation for versatility by taking two entirely contrasting roles in *The Sleeping Beauty*. He plays both the Prince and Carabosse, the witch. The latter is a part which is outstanding in its sense of concentrated evil and spite. Helpmann is considered to be the greatest actor-dancer of our time, and his own ballets, *Hamlet*, the *Miracle of the Gorbals* and now *Adam Zero*, are some of the finest and most popular that the Company have in their repertoire. Helpmann trained with the Pavlova Company and joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1933, making his debut as a choreographer in 1942 with *Comus*. These pictures show him in several stages of the fantastic make-up that he uses for the wicked fairy

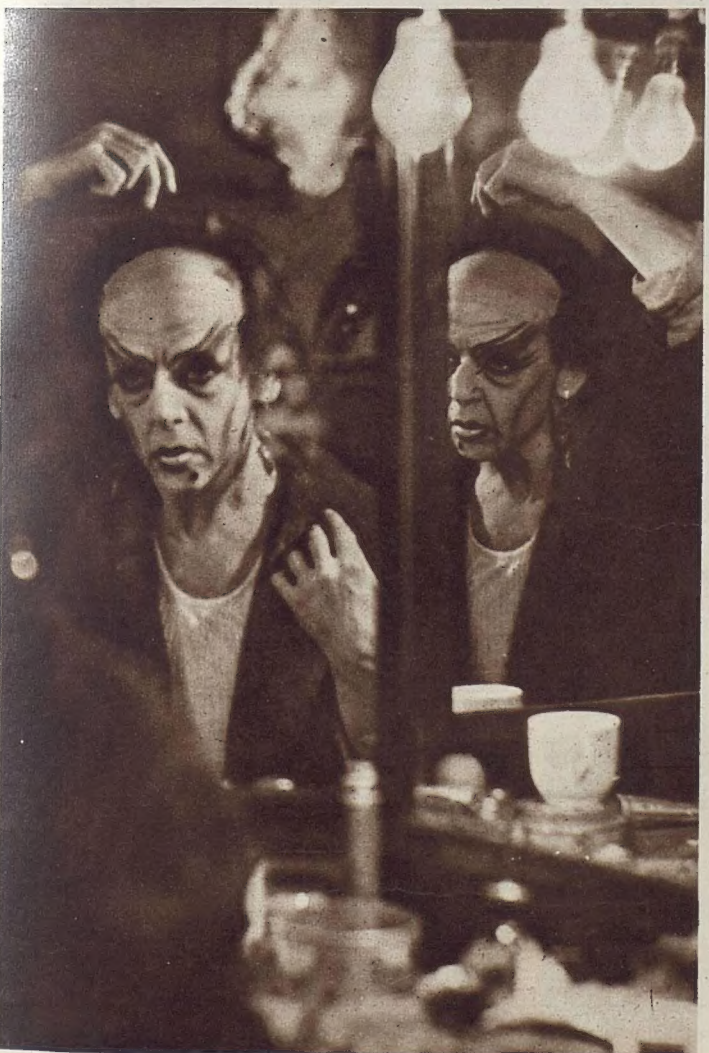
Photographs by Gordon Anthony



Starting to Line the Face



Putting on the Ear-rings



Placing the Wig



The Complete Carabosse



One of the Armchairs: Behind it are the Duc de Mouchy and Mrs. Pattern, wife of the First Commercial Counsellor to the U.S. Embassy in Paris



Studying the Objets d'Arts: Mme. Floriot, Maître Alphonse Bellier and Maître Floriot, who defended Dr. Petiot during his recent trial



Deep in a Catalogue: M. Henri Farman, the French aircraft manufacturer. The catalogues were all free



Before the Sale Opened: Connoisseurs and prospective bidders inspecting the furniture before the bidding began. Already on the first day of the public view all the seats had been booked

INTERNATIONAL ART SALE IN PARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MADAME DUBERNET DOUINE

The most important international sale of works of art which has taken place for seven years was held in Paris recently at the Galerie Charpentier, in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. It lasted two days and included works by modern and old masters, porcelain china of various periods, bronzes, clocks, sculptures, drawing-room suites and some valuable tapestries and Oriental and Savonnerie carpets. Mme. Dubernet Douine owned a magnificent property some sixty miles from Paris. Her castle was all furnished with collection pieces bought about 1900 and for which a high price had been paid. The sale was chiefly composed of pictures of the eighteenth century, including three by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

These were "Portrait of a Lady of Aberdeen," "The Two Sisters" (the Misses Hague), sold for 875,000 francs, and "Portrait of Mr. Charles Binney and His Two Daughters," which went for 390,000 francs. The sale yielded 66,000,000 francs, exclusive of tax and expenses, while the price fetched by each item was increased by 35.50 per cent. to cover sale expenses and taxes. During the sale there was a great display of elegance, for it coincided with the first sunny days of the season and the women were wearing their new spring dresses. Bidding was very keen and the bids succeeded one another in quick succession. One American collector came especially from America by plane



Head of Mme. Dubarry: This head is by J. B. Lemoyne, and went down for the price of 650,000 francs



The Youngest Commissaire-Preneur in Paris: Maître Etienne Ader is also considered to be the star Commissaire-Preneur, and is the head of one of the best-known firms. He originally studied to become a solicitor



Le Roi Soleil: The Louis XIV. medallion head with frame and carved stand in gilt, attributed to A. Coysevoz, was sold for 800,000 francs



An Elegant Audience: Wearing a wide-brimmed, black hat, with a single flower, and a fur coat is Mme. P. Roger, wife of the champagne manufacturer. Next to her is her sister



Portrait of Lady Aberdeen: The Lawrence portrait was sold for 2,960,000 francs



More Prospective Buyers: M. Marcel Boussac, the racehorse owner, and Mme. Lucienne Radisse, the world-famous 'cellist

Photographs by Paris Matin and Samedi Soir



Mr. W. T. Shaw addressing the gathering. The battle, which was fought on April 16th, 1746, was commemorated by a service held at the 20-feet-high memorial cairn on the moor battlefield



Two of the Stewarts of Appin who came to honour their ancestors who fell at Culloden were Mr. James Stewart and Major J. C. Stewart. Wreaths were placed on the memorial and on the graves of the clans which lie scattered over the moor

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

DOMINION Prime Ministers, in London for the all-important post-war Empire talks, whose outcome may well have a pronounced effect on future world security arrangements, have been numbered among Their Majesties "dine and sleep" guests at Windsor Castle, where the leaders of our sister nations in the Commonwealth found the King, as usual, remarkably well-informed on all the main topics of interest in their own countries. Mr. J. B. Chifley, of Australia, and Mr. Walter Nash, of New Zealand, with Mrs. Nash, were fellow-guests at the Castle on the Cup Final week-end, and, in addition to discussion of problems affecting the two neighbouring Dominions, there was a good deal of talk of a lighter nature at the Royal table, as the Empire statesmen reviewed with the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth the excitement and thrills of the game they had all watched in the afternoon at Wembley.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, and Mrs. Morrison, and the Netherlands Ambassador had been earlier guests at the Castle.

General Smuts, that great South African, whose arrival in this country was delayed by weather conditions which held up his aeroplane, had a particular reason for looking forward to his meeting with the King and Queen, for, besides the normal affairs of the Dominion Conference, his presence in London gave an invaluable opportunity for arranging at first-hand with Their Majesties some of the broader outlines of their forthcoming tour of South Africa with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. Both the King and the Queen are naturally anxious to settle as much as possible of their programme as soon as may be, to give them the longest possible time for making all the complicated arrangements of staff and so on. At least two private secretaries will travel with the King, as well as his equerries, and there is at present considerable speculation in Court circles over the composition of the entourage which the Queen will choose for herself and for the Princesses.

Though General Smuts is the only one in a position to make definite arrangements, I understand that each of the Empire Premiers, in turn, has strongly urged to the King the advisability

of a Royal visit to his own country, stressing particularly the general desire in all parts of the Empire to see Princess Elizabeth and her sister.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

A VERY heavy programme, which includes a number of social functions as well as provincial visits, awaits Their Majesties on their return to Buckingham Palace from Windsor. Four-days racing at Ascot, in something approximating to pre-war conditions; a visit to the Derby, where there is talk of a semi-State drive along the course in the Ascot manner; the Surrey centenary match at the Oval, the India Test Match at Lord's, Henley Regatta (which Princess Elizabeth is to see for the first time), two garden-parties at the Palace, a three-day visit to Edinburgh, and a tour of Cheshire and North Wales, which have not received Royal visits for a great number of years, are the highlights of the Royal programme. Their Majesties' announced decision to attend the wedding of the young Duke of Northumberland to Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, will make this Westminster Abbey function the most brilliant wedding of the season; and both the Princesses are likely to accompany their parents to it.

In all this array of sporting events and festivals, one big section of the sporting community will be disappointed to find no mention of their pleasurable (and as Dunkirk witnessed, by no means useless) hobby: the King and Queen will not, it seems, attend Cowes for the Regatta Week, which used to be one of the pleasantest and most regular features of the Royal year. It is the absence of a Royal racing yacht, and the small prospect of being able to build one for some long time ahead, that rules Cowes out for the present.

WEDDING GUESTS

THERE was a big crowd at the reception at the Ritz after the wedding of the Duke of Rutland and Miss Anne Cumming-Bell at St. Margaret's. Kathleen Duchess of Rutland, looking charming in a little red plumed cap with a dress with touches of red, on which she wore a magnificent diamond corsage ornament,

received the guests with the bride's parents. The bridegroom's two good-looking sisters, Lady Ursula Marreco, looking attractive in grey, and Lady Isabel Guinness, wearing a biscuit-coloured dress with the new pleated skirt, were early arrivals.

Lady Smiley, who came with Sir Hugh, made a bright splash of colour in her emerald-green hat trimmed with a long, curling ostrich feather, which matched her suit. Another feather-trimmed hat was worn by Lady Meyer, a most becoming shell-pink tricorné trimmed with a pale-pink paradise plume. Lady Meyer, who was escorted by Sir Anthony, was chatting to Lady Elizabeth Scott. Lady Brownlow brought her daughter, the Hon. Caroline Cust. Miss Myra Wernher, just returned from a visit to America, was greeting many friends.

Viscountess Ednam, living up to her reputation for chic, wore a suit of black-corded silk with a little close-fitting cap made of petals; she was with Viscount Ednam when I saw them chatting to the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, the latter in navy blue with a halo hat trimmed with two little white doves. The Marquess of Hartington was one of the ushers. Others I saw were the Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore, Lady Sykes, the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Violet Benson, the Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry, Major Rupert and the Hon. Mrs. Hardy, Lord and Lady Chetwode, Sir Martin and Lady Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Nutting, Lady Grisel Ogilvy, Mrs. Derek Walker, Miss Jacqueline Cumming-Bell, the bride's pretty brunette sister, Mrs. Roddy Thesiger and her sister, the Countess of Dudley.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH

THE Zetland point-to-point was voted by all present the greatest fun. It was a glorious day and everyone for miles around seemed to be there. Once again many children on holidays were to be seen. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pease, who are both such pillars of this hunt, were busy helping to run everything smoothly and had their young family there too. There was a tremendous cheer when Mrs. Pease won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race with her good brown mare Heather Blossom, who, incidentally, is by



at the Battle of Culloden, Where the Fate of the House of Stuart was Decided

Mrs. Cruikshank, a great-great-granddaughter of the Irish liberator, Daniel O'Connell, lays a wreath at the foot of the mixed clans' stone in memory of the Irishmen who fell in the battle. "For the wild geese who never came home"

Rear-Admiral Lachlan Mackintosh of Moy shows Mr. Nicholson, the secretary of the Gaelic Society, a sword which was picked up on the battlefield. It was at Culloden that Prince Charles Stuart's hopes of his kingdom were lost for ever

Cottage, the sire of this year's Grand National winner, Lovely Cottage. Lord and Lady Barnard had come over from Raby Castle, and after racing Lady Barnard presented the cups to the winners.

Others there were attractive Miss Rosemary Stancliffe, on leave from the W.R.N.S., with Mrs. Morrison and her two daughters, June and Sheila. Mrs. Chetwynd Talbot brought her daughter Ann and Miss Sheila Dickinson. Two people I met having a very successful day as far as picking winners were Mr. Eustace Renwick and Mr. John Fenwicke-Clelland, who owns Harbottle Castle, in Northumberland.

TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY

A FEW days later Col. and Mrs. Geoffrey Fenwicke-Clelland gave a very good dance for their elder daughter, Elizabeth, to celebrate her twenty-first birthday. Boskenna, their lovely home at Alnmouth, has been occupied by the military during the war and has not yet been put back into normal state. Eland Hall, Portland, has been their home since Boskenna was requisitioned. It was a gay and informal party, with dancers from fourteen years upwards, which enabled Col. and Mrs. Fenwicke-Clelland's younger schoolgirl daughter, Susan, and their only son, Warren, who has just left Winchester, to have some of their friends there too. The hostess looked charming in red, while the heroine of the evening wore black with some lovely jewellery, which had been given her as birthday presents.

Among the attractive young girls I saw dancing were Miss Ann Wallace, who had come up from her home in Staffordshire and was dancing with Mr. Eric Young; vivacious and pretty Miss Marjorie Weekes was dancing with Mr. Charles Stevenson-Clarke; Miss Vivian Ridley was dancing with Major Tony Leavey, while pretty Miss Ann Eustace Smith, in white, I saw dancing with the Marquess of Kildare, who has just finished hunting the West Percy Hounds. Miss Elizabeth Anderson was dancing with Capt. Hedley Dent, Capt. and Mrs. Desmond Sarson were dancing together and very thrilled with their son and heir. Others I saw were Miss Averil Straker, Mr. John Barret and his sister, Eve, who I saw dancing with the Hon. Nicky Ridley; those three pretty sisters, the Misses Sheila and Judith Strahn and Mrs. Westock, whose naval husband is in Malta; Sir Ralph and Lady Mortimer's daughter Wendy; Miss Susan Studdy, whose father is Chief Constable of Yorkshire; the Hon. Peter Strutt, Lord Belper's second son; Mr. Peter Toynbee, who had come all the way from Scarborough Castle, in Kent; Sir Walter and Lady Aitchison's daughter, Diana, looking lovely in black lace, and the Hon. Rosemary Barrie, Lady Abertay's schoolgirl daughter, who had come down from Scotland for the dance, and although still in her early teens danced a reel

beautifully and showed some of the English girls present how an eightsome really should be danced.

GARDENS OPEN

IT is good news that the Queen's Institute of District Nursing have this year been able to revive the National Gardens scheme. This scheme gives a great amount of pleasure to thousands of garden lovers, as well as helping that very good cause, "the District Nurse," to carry on her work. Not many town dwellers realise the wonderful work these nurses do, especially in sparsely-populated districts where they often cover a wide area in a small car or sometimes only on a bicycle, always managing to get to the sick and needy, however bad the weather. Members of the Royal Family have been the first to grant permission for the public to see their gardens in aid of this good cause. H.M. the King's gardens at Sandringham will be open every Wednesday in July, August and September, while Frogmore Gardens will be open on May 22nd. H.R.H. the Princess Royal is kindly allowing the gardens of Harewood House to be seen on June 22nd, and the gardens of Coppins, Buckinghamshire home of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, will be open on May 19th.

The gardens of Arundel Castle, Sussex home of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, will be on show during the summer. Lord Digby has generously had his lovely gardens at Minterne, Cerne Abbas, open many days this spring, and is continuing this kindness right through the summer. Among many other kind owners lending their gardens are the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson, Lord Sackville, Lady Bennett, Mr. Hugh Micklem and Sir George Jessel, in Kent; Baroness Beaumont, Sir Clive Coates, Viscountess Swinton, Lord Feversham and Major G. Peake, in Yorkshire; the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, the Marchioness of Exeter and Miss Rowlatt, in Northamptonshire; Sir Henry Hoare, Clare Countess Cowley, the Countess of Hardwicke and Captain Charles Tremayne, in Wiltshire; Priscilla Lady Norman, Mrs. Douglas Gordon and the Duke of Sutherland, in Surrey; Lord Leconfield, the Hon. Mrs. Tommy Emmet and Viscount Cowdray, in Sussex; and Lady Lindley, the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, Sir George Meyrick and Mr. John Morant, in Hampshire. While on the subject of gardens, the Curator of the Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, Shoreditch, would be so grateful if readers with gardens could spare any flowers and send them to him for use in the Museum, which is in one of the most dreary districts in London, as well as being a badly bombed area, and the display of any flowers is so much appreciated by both adults and children who visit the Museum.

PHYLLIS COURT REOPENS

FIVE HUNDRED guests attended the opening party of Phyllis Court Club, one of the loveliest and most popular of all river haunts.

In spite of six years of "occupation," and thanks largely to the stupendous efforts of secretary Dickie Dunn, the place is as spick and span as ever, the lawns well-kept, the flowers blooming. The tennis courts, having suffered an overdose of tank manoeuvres, are still undergoing treatment, but it is expected that they will have made a complete recovery by June and a club tournament will follow soon afterwards. Among those at the opening party were Sir Gerald and Lady Burke, Lt.-Col. H. C. Tweedie, the Hon. Sybil Whitmore, Sir William and Lady Alexander, Princess Teri of Albania, Col. Pickering and Sir Esmond and Lady Ovey. All the guests were tremendously enthusiastic about the new murals in the cocktail bar, painted by Ralph Bartlett, a brother-officer of Major Dunn's in the days of the North African campaign. The Club's first dinner-dance, held a few days later, was a great success, and dinner-dances are to be held every Saturday night in future.



A. W. Kerr

On Leave from Gibraltar

Major C. M. Smiley, the Rifle Brigade, is Military Assistant to H.E. the Governor of Gibraltar, and with him is his five-year-old daughter, Miranda. He was in England for a few days when this photograph was taken, and staying at the home of his father-in-law, the Hon. Clive Pearson, who is a brother of the late Viscount Cowdray

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND MARRIES MISS ANNE CUMMING BELL



Lady Violet Benson, aunt of the bridegroom, the Marquess of Anglesey, Kathleen Duchess of Rutland, the bridegroom's mother, and Lady Colquhoun, who were sitting on the stairs waiting for the bride and bridegroom to leave



Major W. Cumming Bell, father of the bride, Miss Jacqueline Cumming Bell, sister of the bride, and Mr. Richard Fox-Linton



The young bridal attendants were (in front) Lindy and Billy Guinness and (behind) Janet Douglas and Fiona Cumming Bell, sister of the bride



The Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore. Mr. Ormsby-Gore is the elder son and heir of Lord Harlech



Lord Roger and Lord John Manners, brothers of the Duke of Rutland



The Duke of Rutland and His Bride, Miss Anne Cumming Bell, Leaving the Church

The family tradition of beautiful women in the Manners family for generations (not forgetting the romantic and beautiful Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall, who married Sir John Manners in the sixteenth century) will be carried on again in this generation by the young Duke of Rutland's bride, the former Miss Anne Cumming Bell, who is a beautiful girl and looked really lovely as she walked down the aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the arm of her dark, good-looking bridegroom. The bride wore an exquisite dress of silver and white brocade, with a fine embroidered net veil which had been worn by her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother at their weddings. Her bouquet was original. In

a shower bouquet of white camellias, lilies-of-the-valley and stephanotis, there were two spikes of blue delphiniums—a new way of carrying out the old superstition “. . . and something blue.” She was followed by a retinue of four children, her nine-year-old sister Fiona, her cousin, Janet Douglas, and the bridegroom's nephew and niece, Billy and Lindy Guinness. The little girls wore white net dresses with scarlet sashes and scarlet rosebud head-dresses, and carried posies of red and gold flowers. The little page wore a white chiffon blouse, with long white velvet trousers. The flowers, which had all come up from the Duke's estates in Derbyshire and Lincolnshire, were a sight that will long be

remembered by the hundreds of guests. Among these were more than 100 tenants and staff from the Duke's two ancestral homes, Belvoir Castle and Haddon Hall. The young couple are two of the first who have been able to plan a honeymoon on the Continent, and after a short stay at Mr. Loel and Lady Isabel Guinness's country home, they are flying to Portugal and home via Paris. On their return the Duke and Duchess of Rutland are going to live in a wing of Belvoir Castle. Alas, they cannot yet stay at romantic Haddon Hall, as it is still occupied by the military.

Sanifer

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"



Roland Petit surveys London from Westminster Bridge. He is the Ballet Maître of the Champs Elysées Ballet, and the choreographer of many of its most successful works



Edward Mandinian

Sightseeing in London

Jean Babilée, the brilliant young principal dancer of the ballet, with Nathalie Philippart and Irène Skorkik, two of the youthful ballerinas of the company, who are twenty and seventeen years old respectively

Now that lilac-time is here it becomes almost a pleasure to travel by Metro; even the Fish Market smell of the Halles station is attenuated by the divine scent of the mauve and white blossoms that are brought to town in great armfuls by happy suburbanites. Splendid, gorgeous, common-or-garden blooms now despised by the florists, who only care for the anæmic sprays that they display so proudly—in January! Paris put on holiday garb for Easter, and the flower-beds were gay, but I would like to bestow a twinge of slow torture upon the vandals who, in the Champs Elysées, stole the newly-planted tulips at night, bulbs and all, leaving the trampled, rifled earth for the city gardeners to find next morning. The florists' shops were a mass of primrose Easter eggs, great clumps of hydrangeas, roses and lilies of the valley, and a certain famous floral artist, who shall be nameless (to his regret, no doubt), displayed in his window a sumptuous basket of orchids addressed to Mlle. Mary Bell, of the Comédie Française, with the card of the sender, one Maurice Thorez, negligently left *en évidence*! *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*! One must have known the Other War to remember that this was the title of a delightful musical fantasy, half-revue, half-comedy, that was created by Spinelly in Paris, while the English adaptation, *As You Were*, was played in London by Delysia. Rip is no more, alas, but there is to be a revival of some of his most famous revue scenes, that are as topical now as they were ten years ago, played by Jane Marnac (Mrs. Keith Trevor) and an all-star cast.

There was the usual pre-holiday rush-to-produce in the theatrical world, and *tout Paris* is still chuckling over the frothy absurdities of *George and Margaret*, while at the same time ungratefully declaring that George Savory's comedy does not "come up to the ankle" of Noel Coward's enchanting *Hay Fever*. Them's my sentiments same-like. Small talk that is very much of the backchat order, without any of the action that made *Hay Fever* a masterpiece of its kind, becomes extremely wearisome after the first, fine, careless half-hour, and if *George and Margaret* had not been so cleverly adapted by MM. Sauvajon and Jean Wall ("Jean" being "John," of course!), and so perfectly played by Denise Grey, Tramel and several clever youngsters, I would have found it properly insupportable.

Of *Mice and Men*, at the Théâtre Hébertot, is a revelation. Who'd ever have thought it could have been brought to the French stage? The sturdy simplicity of the theme is so far from the usual trend of thought of the average Parisian playgoer, and yet the audience sat through the six tableaux of the play with the thrilled and rapt attention that is so rarely accorded by first-nighters in this unruly village. The production was conducted by Paul Ettly, an elderly actor of the Gémier school (old Paris playgoers will know what I mean when I say that they probably had the same dentist!), and his realistic *mise-en-scène*, that so easily might have been merely melodramatic, was exactly right. It looks as if most of the successful plays over here are English or American; our local boys seem to be missing the motorised edition of Thespis' chariot.

Marcel Pagnol, youngest of the newly-elected members of the Académie Française, has called off the production of *César*, a stage version of his famous film of the same name that was created by the late Harry Baur. Pagnol sat through one of the last rehearsals and then calmly declared, "This is the worst thing I ever wrote; the production is indefinitely postponed,"

and walked out of the theatre. This is what the French call "professional conscience." Maybe, but it's also darned hard lines on the cast! Another version of the story is that Pagnol found the cast so inadequate, although many of the actors have often played for him, that, not being wishful of hurting their feelings, he preferred to shoulder the blame and cut his losses. But is such altruism possible on the part of even a multi-millionaire dramatist?

It always seems to me somewhat optimistic to call the Académiciens immortal, since it is an all-too-well-known fact that few people can ever recall more than ten or twelve names out of the forty of the living members of that august assembly of grey-beards and scrawny-necks. Marcel Pagnol ousts Pierre Benoit from his position as Benjamin of the company, and there is likelihood, if this *rajeunissement des cadres* goes on, that a kindergarten section will be created for mere babes of under fifty. A nasty snag for these new post-war académiciens will be the dressing of the part. The befeathered cocked hat, the dress suit so richly embroidered with laurel leaves, and the elegant, golden-hilted dress-sword run into a small fortune. It cannot be pleasant to step into a dead man's shoes, but more than one famous writer has found himself obliged to wriggle into his predecessor's pants . . . though this, of course, depends on the predecessor's family, to say nothing of the new académicien's girth.

It's a tall climb from the sober Institut de France, on the Left Bank, to the summit of Montmartre, and an even taller story that may be told of the amazing marriage of Jean Janet, a cabaret singer from Tonton's, on the Place Blanche, who, on the 30th of this merry month of April, will espouse Mrs. Maud O'Connor Abriq, of Noo-Yawk City, where she runs a French restaurant known as "le Bistrot." Shades of Palmyre and Bobette; who'd a thought that Jean and Tonton would ever separate and that these celebrated duettists of Liberty's Bar would come to the parting of the ways? The *fiançailles* took place last week at Van Caulaert's studio, the civil marriage will be celebrated at the town hall of the sixteenth arrondissement, and the padres will officiate at the little church round the corner: St. Pierre de Chaillot! The publishing of the banns reads like the playbill of an all-star cast, since the *témoins* are such notabilities as Mistinguett, Marguerite Moreno, Madeleine Carrol and . . . Tonton!

A royal train, believe me!

Voilà!

● Jules Berry, the French actor who has often been seen on the screen in London, is an inveterate gambler . . . and glories in it! One evening, when his wife was waiting for him in their car, he dashed out of the *cercle*, where he had been playing, and asked her to get out of the car as he had staked and lost it. She obeyed and picked up her valuable Pekinese dog. "No! Leave the dog," said Berry, "I've lost him, too, and I'm afraid your furs have gone the same way!" Putting as good a face as she could on misfortune, Mme. Berry remarked dryly: "Well . . . I suppose I must be grateful that you haven't staked me!" "Oh, but I did," answered Berry unabashed, "but my luck's quite out! That time I won!"

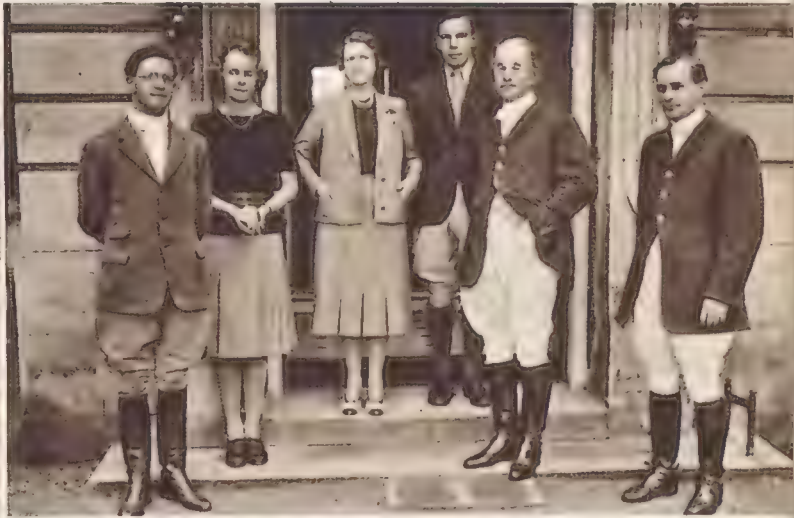


The Meet at the Home of the Master, Mr. H. A. Andreae

The Closing Meet of the H.H. At Moundsmere Manor, near Basingstoke



*C. James, the huntsman, receives a stirrup-cup before hounds move off.
The H.H. dates back from about the year 1745*



Mr. John Nitch-Smith, Mrs. Shone, Mrs. H. A. Andreae, Mr. Michael Shone, Mr. H. A. Andreae, M.F.H., and Mr. H. K. Andreae



Master David Pickett and Miss Anne Shearles receive refreshment



Miss Dorothy Peak, Miss Mary Barnes and Master Tom Barnes



Master George Jeffreys was among the many young followers who were out with the hunt

A GREAT

The Countess of Seafield
Takes Full Control of
Her Estates

WHEN the Countess of Seafield, on reaching the age of forty, recently assumed full control of her vast estates, which cover many thousands of acres in Scotland, there were various celebrations, including a luncheon-party given by the tenantry to the Countess and her trustees, when Mr. Alexander Forbes of Rettie presided and welcomed the guests. In the evening of the same day the Countess gave a ball to the tenantry, Provosts of the various town councils in the district, and other friends at Cullen House, where some of these TATLER pictures were taken.

The Countess of Seafield, who married Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert in 1930, succeeded to the title in 1915 when her father, James, eleventh Earl of Seafield, died of wounds. Though the Barony of Strathspey and the Baronetcy devolved upon his brother, the Earlom, which dated from 1698, descended under Scottish law to his only child, who also bears the titles of Viscountess Seafield, Viscountess Reidhaven, Lady Ogilvie of Cullen, and Lady Ogilvie of Deskford and Cullen. Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert and the Countess have two children, Viscount Reidhaven, born in 1939, and Lady Pauline Anne Ogilvie-Grant-Studley-Herbert, who will be two this month.

The Countess has two seats in Scotland; one is Castle Grant, in Morayshire, which is a massive building, the oldest part dating from the fifteenth century and which has a lovely view of the Cromdale Hills and during the war was used by the military. Her other home is Cullen House, in Banffshire, which is a fine specimen of Scottish baronial architecture. The house is of various periods and was remodelled and enlarged by Bryce in 1861. It crowns a steep rock on the bank of the burn of Dexford, across which a one-arch bridge leads to the vast grounds and park. The house is rich in works of art, including a portrait of George James done by himself and considered one of his best works, and also contains a charter room containing valuable series of documents extending back over many centuries. Much of the vast estates came into the family through the Countess of Seafield's great-great-aunt Caroline, youngest daughter of the eleventh Lord Blantyre, who was married to the seventh Earl, and in 1884 succeeded to the Grant and Seafield estates which, on her death, she devised in trust for the eleventh Earl and his successors (the present Countess). This far-seeing and able lady also started one of the most ambitious timber-planting schemes Scotland has ever known, since when the standing timber on these thousands of acres has become worth a fortune.

There are other great values in this vast acreage, as the county of Banffshire possesses valuable assets too, such as marble, granite, mica, slate and old red sandstone, while ichthyolites, topazes, and rock crystals are to be found sparsely in the county.

The Countess of Seafield is seldom seen in London these days; she is a true Scot and loves her native land, where she is never happier than when walking over the hills or quietly fishing beside the river. One of her great ambitions now is to run a really big dairy farm, with Ayrshire cows on the fertile and rich soil surrounding Cullen House.

Cullen House, the Banffshire Seat of the Seafields



The Countess of Seafield, her seven-year-old son and heir, Viscount Reidhaven and Master of Grant, and her husband Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert

*Photographs by
John Hardie, Banff*

SCOTTISH LANDOWNER



Sir Ian Forbes-Leith of Fyvie and
Hon. Lady Fox, wife of Sir
Gifford Fox



Sir George Abercromby of Forglen
with Major and Mrs. A. W. H.
Grant, of Carron House



The Main Entrance to Cullen House with its carved
doorway and the family arms above it. The Seafield
motto is "Stand Fast"



Mr. Alexander Forbes of Rettie, who presided, and welcomed
the Countess of Seafield, and Lieut.-Colonel Garden Beauchamp
D.F. D.S.O., Chairman of the Seafield trustees, of Hatton



Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, the Countess of Seafield,
Lieut.-Colonel Ronald Steuart-Menzies of Culdares, and
Sir George Abercromby



A group of the house-party includes the Countess of Seafield with Viscount Reidhaven, the Dowager Countess of Seafield, Colonel and
Mrs. Ronald Steuart-Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Cecil, Miss Margaret Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R.
Cuthbertson, Mr. Leslie Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Purbrick, Miss Duff and Mrs. Morris

An Amateur Rider's Wife and Family

In the Country with Their
Animal Friend

● Captain G. R. Armstrong is the brother of the trainer, Fred Armstrong, who trains for the Gaekwar of Baroda. He himself, who is a noted G.R., was a winner of many Bumper races, and has over a hundred races to his credit. The Armstrongs have three children, two girls and a boy, Catharine, Jane and Colin. Captain Armstrong started his racing career as assistant to the late Hon. George Lambton. Neddy, the donkey, who appears in these pictures with the family, is a great favourite with all of them, especially Jane



Catharine and Colin on the Donkey, and Mrs. Armstrong and Jane

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

VIEWING a tiny gaggle of Royal Academicians bustling into Burlington House, fresh, fit, and ready to damn a few thousand more hopeful canvases before the Summer Show, we thought how lucky those boys were not to be in State uniform, as they very well might have been (and may be yet).

In December 1793 Joseph Farington, R.A., known as the Dictator of the Academy, proposed—seconded by Nollekens, R.A.—that Academicians should henceforth wear “a uniform dress,” like the Académie Française, in order to be recognised and revered more fervently by the hamfaced populace. One eager R.A. suggested gowns. What Farington wanted was an official blue dress-coat with distinctive collar, cuffs, and buttons. However, it all came to nothing, and for the time being the R.A. boys remain outwardly indistinguishable from crooks, estate-agents, and manufacturers of rectified lard.

Some of them, like certain French Academicians, would look a bit odd with a fancy-hilted rapier tripping them up as they wamble to and fro, one can't help thinking. But some of them look a bit odd anyhow.

Drama

THAT American judge who wrote to the President the other day begging him to reprieve a murderer “because I made a mistake years ago in sending him to a reformatory” has a conscience less tough and rubbery than most of the judicial boys, one perceives.

The real test, as yet undramatised, is for a judge who sent a thug up the river five years ago for burglary to meet him later at a Mayfair dinner-party, the thug having meanwhile done big things in the City and bought himself a barony. As the judge is distractedly sipping a cocktail, realising his frightful mistake and wondering if the hand of his beautiful daughter Ivy and a presentation-set of Chitty on Torts in half-calf would “make up” in any way, Lord Sockworthy, whose ruddy geniality masks a resentful nature, recognises, springs at, and strangles him. The butler then announces dinner and everybody goes in, chatting tactfully. End of Act I.

In Act III, to skip a great deal, we find the Earl of Sockworthy (now in the Cabinet and much disliked) being taunted by Ivy as a lousy or dud judge-strangler.

Sock (snarling): I done him in proper!

Ivy: Pooh! Sheer rhodomontade and magniloquence . . . Papa!

Enter the judge. Sock, staggers back, veils his eyes, then springs at the judge and strangles him again, this time for good.

Ivy (piqued): My mistake.

Enter butler.

BUT.: Luncheon is . . . Coö!

(Curtain.)

The drama would be called *Ivy's Mistake*, or (if musical) *The Girl in the Quandary*.

Snatch

How citizens who steal well known historic treasures from places like Hever Castle ever hope to get rid of them we don't know, or rather we do know. They hope generally to catch some newish millionaire, preferably American, in reckless mood, a Scotland Yard boy once told us.

You'd think there'd be little fun in paying big money for a smuggled piece which has to be carefully hidden away and gloated over only in secret, but nasty old gentlemen and dons and others who collect editions of (e.g.) the Raimondi-Aretino drawings and other works classed by lewd, expensive booksellers as “erotica” or “curious,” and kept under lock and key in big libraries, apparently revel in it. So did the chap who stole the *Gioconda* from the Louvre some time ago.

Apparently an art expert directed the Hever Castle gang—maybe one of those glossy hand-rubbing chaps in morning coat and a Bond Street smile, not to be confused with art-critics, who are the dregs of the racket. Art-critics go round mumbling plaintively about tone and dynamism and planes, art experts get smartly after the dough. Art-critics are serious fellows, art experts laugh like hell. Nobody willingly listens to art-critics, whereas listening to art experts is a fascinating occupation fraught with danger and huge expense. Both types have souls, an authority was telling us.

Cry

LANDING at an airport the other day on his way to Milan, the great Toscanini stamped and cried “I hate myself!” which cry may have been inspired by the *odio santo de si mismo*, that holy hatred of oneself recommended by Fray Luis de Granada in his celebrated spiritual treatise, or may have been due simply to tenoritis, a disease from which so many modern conductors suffer. Tenoritis—the state of being vexed or inhibited by wild or “rogue” tenors—is a kind of mental scurvy. The eminent conductor Hans von Bülow was the first to proclaim it in 1889, unless we err. In Italy and in Wales, where wild tenors are so plentiful that they feed them to the pigs, there are several homespun proverbs pertaining to this scourge—for example, the old Venetian folk-saying: “Only death and/or laryngitis can prevent a tenor from singing Alfredo in *La Traviata* and pinching attractive women on the Piazza.” The Welch have an ancient bardic dirge called *The Swarming-Song of Mrs. Rees the Coal*, which begins, roughly translated, thus:

Poor Mrs. Yscwgfirychwydd Rees
Was hoping tenors would decrease,
But, barring those on whom she trod,
The place was like an Eisteddfod!
Indeed it might have spared her groans
Had she been clean like Mrs. Jones,
Who used to go all sick inside
When Druids bellowed “Let 'em ride!”
(etc., etc.)

Which brings us, reluctantly, to the BBC, where tenors are bred under glass. Why? Why does the Old Joybox of Portland Place exist at all, save for the express purpose of harrying you, sweethearts?

Glamouresque

A PHOTOGRAPH in one of the papers, on Cyril Maude's 84th birthday, of that accomplished actor as he appeared dashing, elegant, and slim, in *The Second in Command* at the Haymarket in 1900—monocle, cigar, switch, chinstrapped, gold-laced, pillbox-hat jauntily askew, high-collared, frogged frock-coat, trim wavy moustache—must have caused some heartsick mumbblings in dark corners of the Service clubs. In that age the Army at home, or at least the commissioned end of it, was exquisitely beautiful even on duty.

Although some of these beautiful ones had taken a grievous whacking recently from a lot of vulgar amateurs in South Africa, the Race loved and admired them doggedly, especially those of the Race who wore frilly frocks and were connected with the Lighter Drama. Even the rank-and-file had an artist like Caton Woodville to lend the homely Island pan a fierce and martial (if wooden) comeliness. No military historian has ever revealed the exact moment when the glamour passed. We know. At about 9.30 a.m. on September 6, 1914, the last of Britain's monocled, high-collared military demigods looked a relative of ours up and down and realised the bally blasted end had come. His voice rang out over the swarming parade-ground with one final silvery yell of despair, like a banshee's, and he vanished for ever, and with him the Army of Cyril Maude.



“Hello! The Zoo . . . ? Would you mind counting your seals . . . ?”



“It's a Britisher, I'm afraid, Sir—almost entirely carbohydrate”



“Owing to a marked increase in the number of complaints about our broth, I regret that we have to cut down our kitchen staff”

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

"... and Tales of Fair Kashmir!"

WILD tales, according to a poet, designed to cheat you of a sigh, or charm you to a tear! It is quite uncertain whether the poet is right in either case; but when he goes on to talk about "dreams of delight" and "rainbow visions," he is far nearer the target. The Enchanted Valley is a most dangerous place, and the pervading magic has been known to have the most peculiar and devastating effect even upon those who, externally, you might judge to be completely immune. Even the paddles of the boats are heart-shaped. Our intrepid Three Elder Statesmen went there to fish! Those of us who may know the perils, especially at this springtime of the year, cannot but be filled with trepidation. The atmosphere is so very different from that of the Strand, W.C.2, or even from Whitehall, S.W.1. The lorelei of the Jhelum are far more seductive than the ones with which Sir Rupert the Fearless had to contend at Schaffhausen, and, goodness knows, that good-looking young blade got into a bad enough pickle.

A Legal Casualty

THERE have been much more recent cases than Rupert's. A Legal Luminary, a very fine figure of a man, once fled to The Valley to escape from some earthquakes, which had smitten the Cities of the Plain. If only the poor gentleman had known, he would have been much better advised to have braved it out in the Gehenna of the Cities. Though he was encased from head to heel in the mail and plate of Milan steel of imperturbability, which is supposed to protect the law, he had no more chance than that of a rabbit against an atom bomb. She had Harrow blue eyes, and was the very abstract of all the magic and spells, which were in the very air, and hence, quite inescapable. His lordship, so they said, ended up by wanting to jump into one of the lakes. This happened after he had sent her some verses, which said, amongst other things, that he was "a little dust that danced before a wind," and she had torn them up and chucked the bits at him. It was said that the poor victim favoured the Dhâl Lake, much more dangerous than the Wulla, through which the river flows, and in which, when the snow-water comes down, there is just a chance of your being swirled to safety and fetching up at the old town, where Alexander's first charger is buried. It used to be called Boukephala, after that bull-headed buck-jumper. The Dhâl Lake is situated by the Shalimar (Garden), so gracefully referred to by Laurence Hope, who was herself rather attractive in a swarthy way. Just about now it is covered with pink and white lotuses, and if you fall, or jump, in, their indiarubber stems will never let you out again. An alternative method of escape for the spellbound is to go and explore the ruins of an ancient temple, which is quite close. It is the sun-bathing parlour of the local serpents. They will do your business for you, but not painlessly. The temple probably dates back to the days of Laurence Hope's "rose with jasmine breath." I think the lotuses are to be more recommended to any intending casualty.

Hippodromania

THE recent performance which seems to have interested most people who go racing is the quite bloodless victory of Lord Astor's colt, Aldis Lamp, at Hurst Park during the Easter holidays. The thing to regret is that he had not a more distinguished field behind him. There was nothing capable of extending him. Royal Tara, who ran up, is put at 1 st. 6 lbs. below him in the Free Handicap, and ran just like that; he never had a chance in any part of the race, but as he is not engaged in any of the classics we need not worry ourselves any further. It was just a pipe-opener for Aldis

Lamp, but I am sure that everyone will hope that this colt may be the means of exorcising that jinx which has pursued Lord Astor in the Derby. It is time that the bad luck turned. Aldis Lamp is fully engaged, and the careful Mr. Freer has said that he is only 2 lbs. behind Gulf Stream. This still remains to be proved, for the 7 furlongs at Hurst told us nothing. Last season he had a very easy time: a win "anyhow" at Salisbury from Confessor and Royal Tara, neither of which colts could pace it with him, and another win in September, also at Salisbury, from Royal Tudor, the only other runner. Aldis Lamp won very comfortably in a slow-run race. There was nothing much to be gathered, for he may have had only a moderate to beat. We do not know yet, and should be wise to wait until he meets something sturdier than earthenware. If he can beat Khaled in the Guineas, he might be good enough to beat Gulf Stream in the Derby. The failures of Hypericum and Rising Light need not worry us. It is highly probable that Mr. Jack Dewar's Neolight will beat his Majesty's filly again in the One Thousand, but the 1½ miles of the Oaks is quite another pair of shoes. Neolight, incidentally, is not engaged, which now seems to be a pity, but Leventina is, and I think spells danger. Rising Light's main objective is the Gold Cup, and I think I know how his trainer will send him out on to the course. Long journeys are Cecil Boyd-Rochfort's long suit. Radiotherapy's defeat at Bath, another 7-furlong gallop, was attributed to the hard ground. Gordon Richards said that when Royal Commission attacked so vigorously, his ride had no more shot in the locker, and I suggest that we take due notice of this information. The Two Thousand result eludes me, but it is to be noted that after this Bath defeat the bookmakers quoted Radiotherapy at 14 to 1 for the Guineas as against a previous 6 to 1, and that he drifted out to 25 to 1 for the Derby as against 14 to 1. Useful straws! On the other hand, he was giving Royal Commission 5 lbs. The half-length beating he got by the Duke of Norfolk's colt was of the comfortable description. Royal Commission, a black colt by Fairway out of Inquisition by Dastur—a word that means "ordinary"—may perhaps be a bit better than some of us think. He is engaged in the Guineas, Derby and Leger. He ran three times last year: won very easily first time out at Salisbury (S.P. 2 to 1 on), with nothing behind him; soundly beaten next time at Ascot by Neolight, who was only getting the sex allowance; and lastly, unplaced in the 6-furlongs Buckingham Stakes in October, which Confessor won quite comfortably. All the foregoing does seem to tell us to "haud our whist" until we have quite a bit more information. All that we really know at the moment is that the weather is kind, the world is fair, and no one, so far, has started the atomic war.

Racing Intelligence

IF a recent statement in the Press is true, we are going to see something in the way of a horse if, and when, the Frenchman, Niral, goes out for his first race in this country, for it is said that he is "16.4." It is a good thing that he is not 17.4, because 18 hands is really a bit too big—especially for Epsom. This sort of thing makes one recall such statements as a horse not being quite right about the "ankles," or lame in his left back foot, or "stumbling" at Becher's and breaking his neck. There was, again, that knowledgeable buyer who said to the hopeful vendor: "Yes, not a bad-looking animal," and then, as he stroked him down the face, "but too much white about the coronet for my taste!" Even Shakespeare knew more than that. The Bard, anyway, knew exactly the kind of foot a horse ought to have. However, there always have been people who are so horsey that they have to hiss at themselves when they brush their hair.



Final of the 120 yards hurdles, won by J. L. Taylor (Merchant Taylors Crosby), No. 7, in 16 secs. (on extreme right)



Finish of the half-mile, won by K. G. Kain (Merchant Taylors Crosby) in 2 mins. 4.6 secs.



Public Schools Challenge Cup Meeting at the White City

Taking the water-jump in the three-quarter-mile steeplechase, which was won by A. K. Maughan (Denstone). Queen Elizabeth's, Barnet, won the challenge cup without supplying a single winner. They scored 41½ points, Merchant Taylors Crosby were second with 24 points, and Latymer Upper School third with 21 points

Phoenix Park Races in Dublin



The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy leading in her horse Charles's Wain, with Bobby Quinlan up, after he had won the Castleknock Plate



Count and Countess Münster, who were on their first visit to the Phoenix Park races



Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador in London, and Mrs. Robin Wilson



H.H. Prince Aly Khan, Lady Cecilia Johnstone and the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, half-sister and half-brother of Earl Caxley



Lord and Lady Decies. Lord Decies, who is the sixth baron, succeeded his father in 1944



Miss Bunty Graham, Miss G. Smithwick and Miss Zita Hartigan, daughter of Mr. Hubert Hartigan



Golden View II., winner of this year's Irish Grand National, ridden by Martin Molony. The joint owners are Mrs. Luke Lillingston and Capt. P. A. O'Reilly, who are leading in the winner after the race

The Irish Grand National

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Viscount and Viscountess Bury. Lord Bury is son and heir of the Earl of Albemarle



Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny Hounds, Lord Bicester and Mrs. Dermot McCalmont



Lord Leconfield and Lieut.-Col. W. R. Burrell,
M.B.E., Clerk of the Course



Earl Winterton and Mr. Denton, the
huntsman



Miss Betty Clark with Sportown, her entry
for the Nomination Race

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Hon. Roland Cubitt, son and heir of Lord Ashcombe, and Major J. R. Hanbury



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Col. Ralph Clark, M.P. for East Grinstead



Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogerson, with Captain
and Mrs. J. D. Moore



Col. Giles Loder and Col. Ulric
Thynne

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"Lost Moorings"

"Be Beautiful"

"The New School Tie"

"Death and the Dear Girls"

Simenon

THE ever-growing body of Simenon's admirers in this country will welcome this latest book of his—or, rather, this latest Stuart Gilbert translation of a book, I imagine, written before the war. *Lost Moorings* is published by Routledge at 8s. 6d. Simenon is an instance of a prolific and originally frankly commercial writer whose work has steadily followed an upward line. A Belgian, with Dutch and Breton blood in his veins, he was born in 1903, and is thus still not far into middle life. Before he was thirty (we learn from a Raymond Mortimer article printed inside the wrapper) he had published some hundreds of *feuilletons*, under a number of pseudonyms—at that stage, his production-rate would not have compared badly with that of the late Edgar Wallace: for in five years he wrote a novel a month, and, in the process," Mr. Mortimer tells us, "he won a popularity in France rather like that of Edgar Wallace in England."

But there the resemblance stops. I am not familiar with Simenon's early work; probably none of it reached this country. The Simenon who has come to be known in England as a man who—due, one can only think, to the irresistible upward pull of his genius—has abandoned pot-boiling for artistry, and around whose clean-cut work, with its sometimes threatening force, not a single taint of the pot-boiler's manner clings. The bulk of the Simenon books we have had here are detective stories; his stories so rarefied and so curious that they are works of art. They are, above all, *psychologically* exciting. One might say that Simenon merely makes the *roman policier* an excuse for a once close-up and profound analysis of human nature. He is interested, primarily, in the behaviour of human beings under stress; and he makes one feel the tragedy of the sinner. His detective, Maigret, is contemplative—this massive, taciturn man, with his bourgeois tastes, seems to move among people with a winer's rod; his methods are intuitional, almost psychic; and his intuitions germinate in a fog of silence.

Places

IN all the Simenon stories, *locality* plays a major, forcible part. His characters are creatures of their environment. Simenon (who from boyhood has travelled widely) not only scene-paints with extreme vividness, but

seems to gauge the atmosphere of a place, and the effect that that atmosphere (at once climatic and social) would have on its inhabitants. To read Simenon is to be almost overpowered by sights, sounds, smells: one *is*, immediately, where that particular story takes one—it may be, at a Seine-side boating resort with its colonies of week-enders from Paris, or in some small French provincial town with its secretive houses and rigid proprieties, or in the drab, noisy heart of Belgian canal dock life, or among the quayside cafés of a Breton fishing port. Simenon's art is a master-key; he takes us with him into the most implacably closed dwellings; as, also, into the most guarded and inscrutable hearts. He knows, and makes us know—

"Cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments."

And, given what might be called his analytical passion for localities, he has a boldness, in one particular, foreign to English writers—he always sets his scenes in actual places. Few of us, here, would risk "placing" a story (especially one involving scandals and disclosures) in any real-life English seaport, suburb or county town, giving such places their real names, and introducing into the plot—in, often, far from amiable roles—the mayor, the town clerk or the leading lawyer or doctor. Unpleasantness, even a libel action, would not improbably ensue. I have often wondered how Simenon gets away with it.

Pressure

"LOST MOORINGS" is made up of two stories—each about half-ordinary novel length. The first is "Banana Tourist," the second "Blind Path." In neither does Inspector Maigret appear. In this latest book (or latest to come to us) Simenon has finally thrown off any disguising semblance of the detective story: these two tales hinge on tragic predicaments rather than crime, though both touch on crime. The Simenon of this mature phase has, I see, been likened to Dostoevski, and the comparison is not off the mark.

The scene of "Banana Tourist" is Tahiti: the title comes from the derisive Papeete name for idealistic tourists who arrive with the object of a return to nature, envisaging a blameless, carefree and joyous existence, unendingly, deep in flowered valleys or along these golden shores.

(Concluded on page 188)



Gordon Anthony

Poet, Author and Editor

John Lehmann, who has recently returned from a tour of Paris and Czechoslovakia, went under the auspices of the British Council to lecture on English Letters and the European Idea. It is Lehmann who edits the six-monthly magazine, "New Writing," which has brought many young writers of talent into the public eye. This magazine became the model for several similar ones, and at the commencement of the war it went into the small Penguin edition, now reaching a circulation of six figures, and is read all over the world

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

asleep in deck-chairs and the other half walked about eating ice-cream cornets. Later on, when energy had returned somewhat, they joined an ever-lengthening queue to enjoy the crowded amenities of half a pier! There really wasn't anything else to enjoy—that is, if your spirit didn't incline you towards Dodge-'ems, or to see the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in wax, or Try your Weight, or watch a distant tanker on the horizon through a telescope.

However, these things seemed to suffice. Small fortunes must have been made on Easter Monday in every seaside town by the owners of "What the Butler Saw" for a penny, and a seasick trip round the bay for a shilling. Everybody enjoyed themselves. And nobody seemed to have taken much to heart the dire economic fact that, owing to labour shortage, it had been found impossible this year to put crosses on hot-cross buns.

Nevertheless, I am again left wondering why so many people come to the sea—and never look at it? At times one might almost think they had come down to see more of each other. Where a crowd is, there a greater crowd will always assemble. Few things apparently are so popular as a really good

queue. There the matey will increase their acquaintance and the lonely find a friend. No wilderness, however lovely, is ever "Paradise enow." What Bank holiday-makers seem to enjoy most—is a good crush. Scarcely able to breathe, their spirits expand. A quiet stretch of beach is never popular. Personally, and perhaps selfishly, I love a holiday crowd—so long as I know where to get away from it. I enjoyed seeing so many people being happy—though often, strangely enough, without looking it especially—on this first Easter after the war. So many tired, middle-aged faces relaxing in sleep; so many more youthful ones licking ice-cream and finding nectar. And never a drunk in sight.

It was a pleasant change after a winter surfeit of residents. Nothing could possibly be uglier than we are *en masse*. The Easter invasion was by no means beautiful—but a change of face can at moments afford the same excitement as beauty. And invariably more amusing to watch. Nevertheless, let me confess that towards evening I began to realise that sometimes the world does seem to contain too many plain faces, and the dark thought would stab my consciousness occasionally—the thought that there are moments in life when a good case can be made out for a desert island—and a few discs.

I LIVE on the verge of a popular seaside resort. You can always recognise the permanent residents of these places. From Easter until the end of September they wander about the town expressing on their faces that the world has, somehow or other, acquired a slight smell!

Of course, we believe in Democracy and All That. We also believe in the Brotherhood of Man—so long as we have a seat on the platform. We like the sound of class-levelling—until we find ourselves levelled with fourteen travellers in one first-class railway compartment. Freedom from Want lies very near our hearts—except on Budget Day. In fact, we live—impervious to further astonishment, but often very annoyed. World Unity Through Love never fails to force from us a genteel cheer. But, oh how difficult we find Love to be when the world invades the pet corner of our favourite stretch of beach. The world, however, has not the least respect for other people's pet corners. It just sprawls. And seaside residents, apart from hoteliers and landladies, are not partial to mass-sprawling. As rate-payers they feel it is their own prerogative.

This Easter the world sprawled all over the place—good and proper. And well the world deserved it! In fact, one-half of England lay



Way, Colchester
Ballantine — Helm

Dr. Robert I. W. Ballantine, only son of Capt. and Mrs. R. W. H. Ballantine, of Harpenden, Herts., married Miss Jill Muriel Helm, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. C. Helm, of Great Horshesley, Colchester, at All Saints', Gt. Horshesley



Clarke — Pratt

Mr. Eric Lindsay Clarke, elder son of the late Mr. L. H. Clarke, and of Mrs. Clarke, of Belfast, married Miss Winsome Mary Pratt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Pratt, formerly of Johore, Malaya, and Sussex, England, at St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne, Australia



Keith — Baird

Lt.-Col. Kenneth Alexander Keith, Welsh Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Keith, of Swanton Morley House, Norfolk, married the Hon. Ariel Baird, daughter of the late Viscount Stonehaven and of Sydney Viscountess Stonehaven, of Ury, Stonehaven, Scotland, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Probyn — Keane

Mr. Peter Probyn, the cartoonist, married Miss Kissane Keane, elder daughter of the late Sir Michael Keane, and of Lady Keane, of Westbourne Terrace, W.2, at St. Michael's, Penselwood, near Gillingham, Dorset



Brophy, Waterford
Neave — Paul

Capt. Sir Arundell Neave, Welsh Guards, son of the late Sir Thomas Neave, and of Lady Neave, of Dagnam Park, Romford, Essex, married Miss Richenda Alice Paul, only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Paul, of Ballyglan, Co. Waterford, at Dunmore Protestant Church



Dean — Joseph

Lt. Peter S. Dean, The Suffolk Regt., only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dean, of White Lodge, Colchester, Essex, married Miss Cynthia Joseph, younger daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Joseph, of The Hall, Alsager, Cheshire, at St. Mary's, Alsager



Belsey — Hartley

Lt.-Cdr. James G. Belsey, O.B.E., R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. W. J. Belsey and the late Mrs. Belsey, of Rugby, Warwickshire, married Miss Margaret E. Hartley, elder daughter of Sir Percival and Lady Hartley, of Bigwood Road, N.W.11, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

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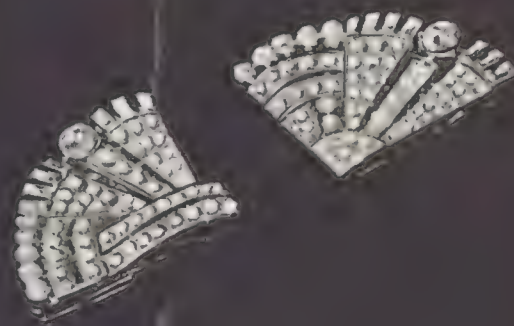
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**Jean
Lorimer's
Page**





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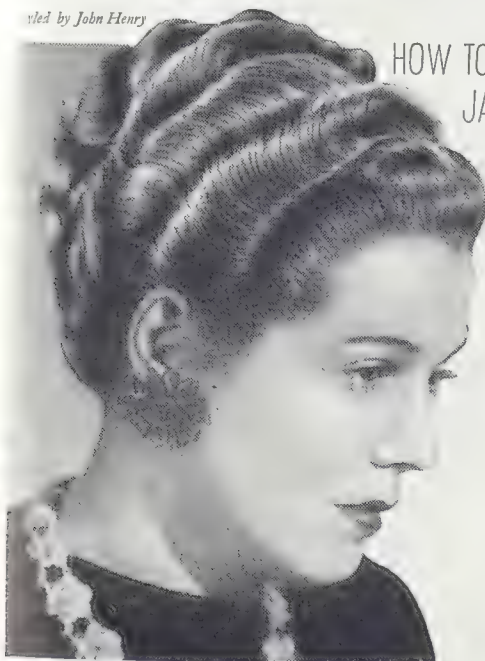
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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing **BOOKS**

(Continued from page 183)

Such optimists are a nuisance to the community: imagining that, here, they can live on nothing they half starve, fall sick, and become a charge on the Government. Young Donadieu, hero of *Banana Tourist*, has already, during his voyage out, winced under the cynicism of the ship's officers. Tahiti has long been, indeed, for him, the ultimate blessed island, in which he hopes to fight out his soul's salvation. His youth has been darkened by a family tragedy; and, though he fled from his home and sought out a tough life, all the time he has battled against his weakness and, somehow, kept his idealism intact. Donadieu, an intensely sympathetic character (whose tears on one occasion I found unbearable), is no mug. His adventures, and fate, in Tahiti—where he is exposed to the temptations of St. Anthony—compose the story. The local types, with their weakness and determination to prey on weakness in other people, are unsparingly drawn: Simenon, writing, keeps an ironic anger under almost superhuman control.

Blind Path has a Riviera scene: the hero, Vladimir, is a White Russian, nominal captain of a rich woman's yacht and half-hearted lover of the yacht's owner. An inarticulate passion for his mistress's daughter, the nunlike Helen, who lives alone on the yacht, causes him to betray his friend, Blinis, a Caucasian, who seems to have a hold on Helen's affections. Vladimir is matched in unhappiness and in sense of futility by Mme Papelier: in a sense, the Russian ne'er-do-well and the rich, miserable, suspicious, capricious Frenchwoman are, as she frequently points out, twin souls. Surrounded by employees and hangers-on, she eats her heart out, and taunts him for eating his out: he increasingly hates her. Such a devastating picture of luxury life has, probably, never been drawn.

Schools of the Future

The New School Tie (Pilot Press, 5s.) has such a promising, or at least provocative, title that I formed, with regard to the book, some misleading hopes. The author, G. C. T. Giles, was President of

the National Union of Teachers while Mr. Butler's Education Act was going through Parliament: he had thus the opportunity of discussing the Act with all types of people in the educational world.

His book deals with the 1944 Act, and is an attempt to arrive at a definite answer to three questions:—

1. Does the Education Act of 1944 give expression to a modern democratic outlook?

2. Does it provide the framework needed for a thorough recasting of our educational system?

3. Can it be made to work efficiently in the next few years?

It must be accepted as Mr. Giles's premises that he sees little good in anything that the old school tie stands for: whether the reader agrees with him or not, one should not fail to be interested in his point of view. As an explanation of the purposes of the Act, and as an exposition of its working possibilities, his book is of value—it would be of greater value if he did not dart so often out of his course to tilt at so many windmills, fight with so many shadows and kick so many dead dogs: in fact, I had not been aware, till I read *The New School Tie*, that there were still so many dead dogs about to kick. The book disappointed me because it did not seem to fulfil the promise its title implies. The old school tie, I should have thought, is, chiefly, the hall-mark of a particular kind of character: one takes its wearer to be the product (whether successful or not) of what has largely been a character-forming education. What is to be the character of the wearer (however figuratively) of the new school tie? This question, which is not only of interest, but of great national importance, Mr. Giles has, it seemed to me, failed to answer—he confines himself to generalizations about citizenships and democratic qualities. He would also seem inclined to consider children as a sort of malleable, neutral, plastic mass; and he does not (or is this a minor point?) pause to make any distinctions between girls and boys. This is an intelligent book for the intelligent reader, and I recommend it. But the intelligent reader can hardly fail to suffer under Mr. Giles's relentless repetitions:

Looks

Be Beautiful (Buland Publishing Co., 6s. 6d.) is a sane, encouraging book by Jean Cleland—a name already well known. Addressed to women of all ages, it stresses the civic duty of looking nice, and is a first-rate corrective to post-war defeatism on the appearance front. Many women, Mrs. Cleland has noticed, take up an apologetic attitude about their looks, and are (at any rate when they are past thirty) afraid that undue concern with them may seem "silly": often, for this reason, it is the nicest, most useful and selfless women who are in danger of losing their looks first. No natural concern with this matter is, of course, undue: women will always be called upon to make an aesthetic contribution to society; mercifully, few are born with no possibilities of beauty, and it is up to all to do what they can. The morale value of looks—not only for their possessor but for the world in general—is indubitable: women's hurried, instinctive recourse to lipstick during the heights of air-raided emergencies was, for instance, less fantastical than it seemed. Much disappointment, of course, has been caused by the wild claims of less-reputable beauty preparations: all the hints Mrs. Cleland gives are based on common sense, and insist on patience and on regularity in their use. *Be Beautiful* will not send anyone wrong, is not likely to waste the busiest person's time; and its underlying philosophy is excellent.

Thwarted

Death and the Dear Girls (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is an engaging, exceedingly entertaining detective story by Jonathan Stagge, with a New England scene and a decidedly spiteful angle on old New England's plain-living, high-thinking regime. The "dear girls," Rosalind and Perdita Lanchester, are victims of their family's snob tradition—condemned forever to shapeless cotton frocks, plimsols, non-stop violin and cello practice and manless tennis on a bumpy court. The arid sublimities of their Kenmore summer home, scene of a family gathering, are disturbed by an outbreak of cyanide murders.

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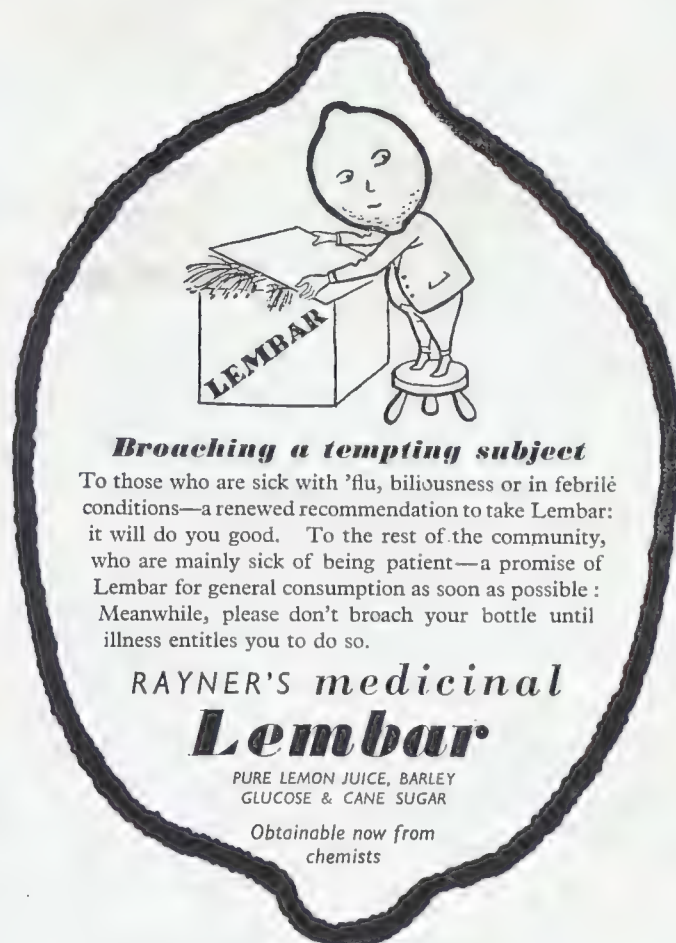


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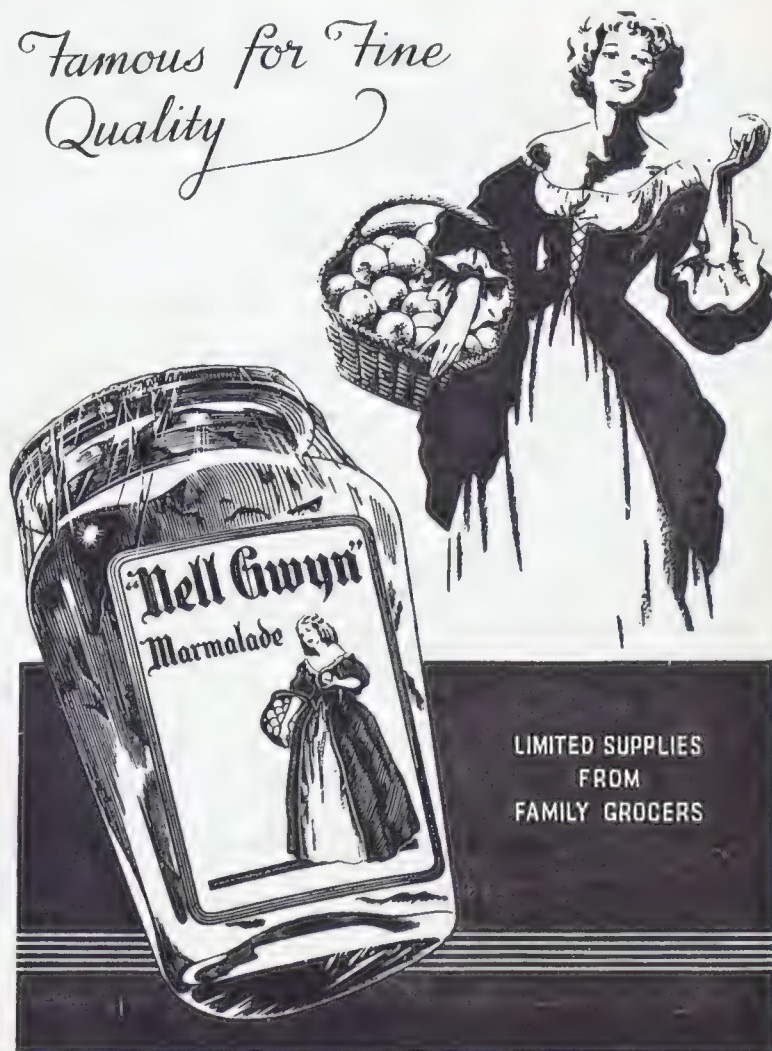
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Clean Up Wanted

WE are told at intervals of how scientific devices will eliminate all the dangers from flying. No doubt one day the fully automatic aeroplane, worked by a sort of glorified signalman on the ground, will appear. But for some time the pilot will be likely to have something to do.

And at the moment we are going through a phase wherein he has too much to do. Actual flying control has been simplified; but there have been so many additions in the form of aids to navigation and performance that the pilot finds himself overwhelmed. An aircraft which contains even fifty per cent of the many aids that have been invented, has a cockpit so loaded with instruments that no human being could keep himself really well informed as to their readings.

The blind-flying panel, as it was originally called, was an attempt to systematize and to standardize aircraft instruments. But this panel is now festooned on all sides with additional instruments. And we have the maddening habit of scattering switches and other controls among the information instruments. It is time that cockpit arrangements were studied afresh. One of the German fighters—I forget which—had an improved layout which accommodated a greater variety of instruments and switches in accordance with a central plan. It will be no good introducing new blind-flying and blind-landing equipment unless the instruments enabling the pilot to use it are well disposed. Aeroplane cockpits are getting to look too much like the forms that pour in such profusion from Whitehall—an ill-considered hotch-potch.

Airport Appearance

PERHAPS the most puzzling thing about the actions of the present Government is its neglect of considerations of amenity. For a few tons of coal, trees which took hundreds of years to reach perfection are felled. The decision to slaughter beauty is taken in a few minutes. But when it comes to the recovery of areas which have been spoiled by over-burden, rubbish dumps and the rest of it, why it takes years to get the matter considered. There can be no doubt that British airports ought to be made to look good as well as to be efficient. But Heathrow is a shambles which disgusts and tends to put the casual visitor off aviation for ever. And it is the same at other aerodromes which were originally taken for Royal Air Force work, but are now being turned over to civil work. Perhaps it is inevitable that the building of a military aerodrome should devastate the countryside for miles around and spread ugliness. But that simply must not be allowed to happen with our civil airports and airfields.

I notice that when the new houses that are being planned are displayed in model form—to show how nice they are—they always have a few model trees throwing a grateful shade upon them. No one asks how those trees are to be mass-produced at the same time as the houses. If we ever hope to make civil flying a pleasing thing that will attract many people, trees must be planted in those areas near aerodrome buildings, for instance, where they will not interfere with the aircraft. But no planting is being done. Trees are still being torn up, tons of concrete are being put down; but trees are forgotten.

Balloons

IT was an amusing idea to send up balloons from Paris; but it did tend to emphasize the fundamental difference in outlook between the genuine balloonist and a large number of aeroplane pilots. For some reason the aeroplane pilot finds a balloon comic, while the balloonist finds it an object of intense interest if not of veneration.

No doubt this veneration has something to do with the way in which airships, although dead, refuse to lie down. People who have acquired airship experience, tend to become affectionate towards them. And they will not hear anything said against them. I feel sure that it was this affection and the enthusiasm of some of those who were airship pilots, that enabled Sir Samuel Hoare (as he then was) to put through the great airship experimental programme—one of the most costly instances of the failure of State activities in aviation. One could not help admiring the enthusiasm of the airship men in those days. And the scheme was praiseworthy. It was no less than to link the most distant parts of the Commonwealth by regular airship services. But I feel that the Americans, in doing so much work now on airships, are wasting their time. I cannot see this kind of vehicle ever making a come-back.

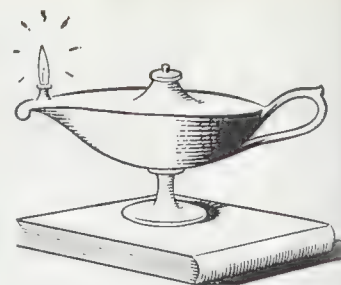
Size

THERE is one factor which might have favoured airships if they had ever become technically efficient and that is their size. As air traffic becomes more dense, so the need for large machines, carrying many people at a time, increases. That is really the basis of the argument for extremely large landplanes. They have disadvantages. But if air traffic really becomes heavy and even when all the modern, main airports of the world have tangential runways (which allow for the handling of many more aircraft in safety than any other pattern), then the big machine must come.



Group Captain Maurice Newnham, O.B.E., D.F.C., by T. C. Dugdale, R.A. Group Capt. Newnham was commanding officer of the Parachute Training School during the war. A successful fighter pilot during the 1914-1918 war, when he rejoined the R.A.F. he was one of the first people to set about the task of proving that parachuting could be made a practicable method of transporting men into battle. This portrait is now showing at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy

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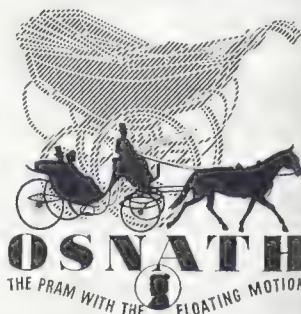
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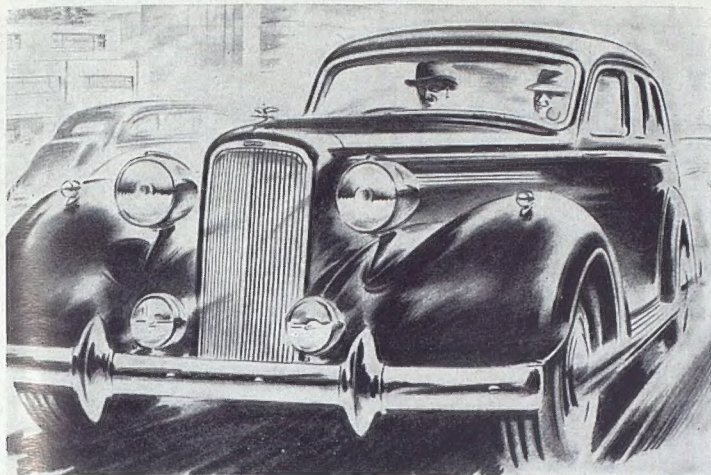
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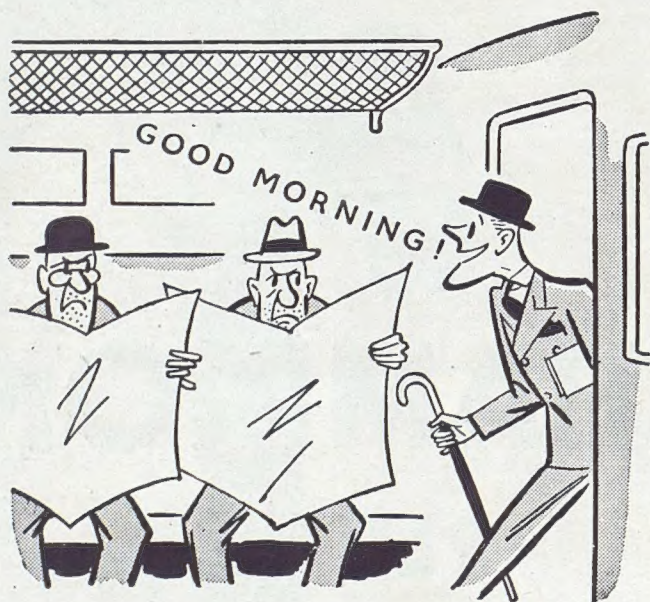
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